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Beliveau Review

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The Best of Afterthoughts 1994-2000: a poetry anthology

Beliveau Review

Vol. 1 No. 2 Issue 2

Beliveau Books

STRATFORD

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Patricia Nelson

When I Return

What do I say of my vision
and its thinning tail of light?
Do I dream a house to hold it
with love and small black nails?

Say my days grew thick as snow,
shook me like a loud white wind?
That I was falling when the light came,
knew me with its nose like a wolf?

That it lay its warmth near me, its eye?
That my soul accelerated toward it
like the last thing loosened?
Does that fierce light live here?

There is only the gull that folds
a white line as a world slides under it.
The fountain that lifts its brightness,
tosses the weight of water like an apple.

And there is the odd warm light
that stays on my palms:
Whiteness rising like the dawn
where unexplained stars float.

Icarus

i. The Rising

White-handed, leaning, loud,
he lifts and bulges like a sail.
His palm is full of sky.

He tries at first the middle wind:
A game of stillness—white gulls
floating in a silver light.

But there is hotter light above.
Light that rises like a roaring wave
and bares the creatures of the top.

His arms are whirlwinds,
avalanches, fists of light.
He want to see and ride.

ii. The Visions

How clear it is in the fierce blue wind.
The twisting maze—solved. Its maker's
writhing soul appears like bright ink.

Even the monster begins to dim,
dissipates like noise in a dream
or dark lake. More a metaphor, a hint.

He sees creatures of the light.
He wants to speak—his lip widens
then forgets what it meant to name.

What gleam he meant to take
from the boiling cup of wishes
where the sad and the brave whirl.

iii. The Fall

Then the black and downward wind—
his shadow growing, large again
upon the rock and water, pulling him.

Air like a dream of falling,
blue horses strong and everywhere
who tear him with their anger.

This child with his wafting eye,
his loud and mis-aimed act
both wrong and not-wrong.

Patricia Nelson worked for many years with the "Activist" group of poets based in the San Francisco Bay Area. This is a Neo Modernist group. Poetic Matrix Press has published her work.

Miriam Sagan

Seco

Children tumble
down the dry arroyo,
a neglected
apricot tree
spills its golden horde
and you take a bag
and start picking

I'm sitting
in the Madonna's rose garden
by the church of the Holy Trinity
where a small bench
was given
in a child's memory,
and from the shade
regard the plaster saint,
behind me an open gate
some gravestones, and a willow

Parallel Lines

forest fire smell
blows in my evening window
all the way from Tucson

the baby gasps
at her reflection—a pink barrette
pulling back her bangs

with the gardens closed
due to contagion
I admire my own eggplants sending out leaves

the new sculpture
of spiderwebbed doors
doesn't lead anywhere

in the Chinese poem
it says the woman is lonely
and it is raining

circling Larragoite Park
you heard turkeys gobbling
and the cry of a peacock

Miriam Sagan is the author of over thirty books of poetry, fiction, and memoir. Her most recent include *Bluebeard's Castle* (Red Mountain, 2019) and *A Hundred Cups of Coffee* (Tres Chicas, 2019). She is a two-time winner of the New Mexico/Arizona Book Awards as well as a recipient of the City of Santa Fe Mayor's Award for Excellence in the Arts and a New Mexico Literary Arts Gratitude Award. She has been a writer in residence in four national parks, Yaddo, MacDowell, Gullkistan in Iceland, Kura Studio in Japan, and a dozen more remote and interesting places. She works with text and sculptural installation as part of the creative team Maternal Mitochondria in venues ranging from RV Parks to galleries. She founded and directed the creative writing program at Santa Fe Community College until her retirement. Her poetry was set to music for the Santa Fe Women's Chorus, incised on stoneware for a haiku pathway, and projected as video inside an abandoned grain silo in rural Itoshima. Her blog is Miriam's Well, which can be found at miriamswell.wordpress.com







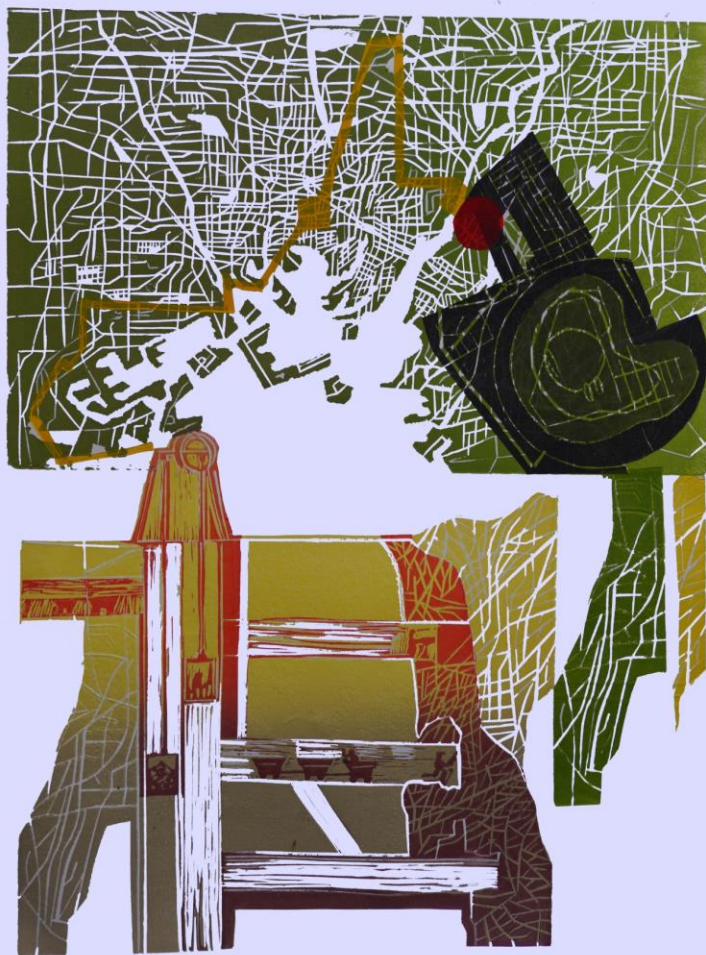


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WOOD PRINT

ATANU BAKSHI





A/P: 1/4

WOOD PRINT

ATANU BAKSHI

Atanu Bakshi lives in West Bengal, India. He is currently a fine arts student at Patna University. His work (including the six pieces preceding this page) is influenced by his father's labour in coal mining in the Jharia neighbourhood of the Dhanbad district in the state of Jharkhand in India, which Atanu describes as "a furnace land without any hope for the future."

Ben Nardolilli

Easy to Ignite

Matches to make, people to meet,
so the world tells me
There are connections waiting, desperate
acquaintances that have to be made

And for not seeking them out
the online syndicate believes I am playing
hard to get, maybe making
myself impossible for others to understand

Let them think that, if I have tickled
the fancy of an algorithm
with a heavy dose of absence
and inaction, at least now I'm noticed

To be honest, a relationship
is probably not healthy for me right now
I'm into politics of a radical sort,
interested matches known for their flames

Ben Nardolilli currently lives in New York City. His work has appeared in *Perigee Magazine*, *Red Fez*, *Danse Macabre*, *The 22 Magazine*, *Quail Bell Magazine*, *Elimae*, *The Northampton Review*, *Local Train Magazine*, *The Minetta Review*, *Synaeresis: arts + poetry*, and *Yes Poetry*. He blogs at mirrorsponge.blogspot.com and is trying to publish his novels.

Kushal Poddar

Scalpel Ritual

I operated and removed the bullet.

Or was it a baby?

Night time makes your incision

a cordillera.

There I open

the door of the cabin we rented

in another birth.

Wind prowls, lacerates our skin;

its teeth, quite surgical!

The ritual says, *Drink brandy and talk*

about your past mistakes.

I want to see the bullet, you say.

Or was it a baby?

My finger, cold and quivering,

shows you the tray.

A poet and a father, **Kushal Poddar** edited the magazine *Words Surfacing*, authored seven volumes of poetry including *The Circus Came To My Island*, *A Place For Your Ghost Animals*, *Eternity Restoration Project: Selected and New Poems*, and *Herding My Thoughts To The Slaughterhouse: A Prequel*. Find and follow him online at amazon.com/author/kushalpoddar_thepoet

John Di Leonardo

Evening Walk

In every garden, a tangled flower leans
September's sigh—

its one green leaf breathes light
to fall on flush cheeks so sweet to kiss

O blue flower
how many petals to hide an abyss?

John Di Leonardo is a Canadian visual artist and poet and a graduate of McMaster University. He has published two award winning chapbooks: *Book of Hours* (2014) and *Starry Nights* (2015). He is a full member of The Canadian League of Poets. His debut collection of ekphrastic poetry, *Conditions of Desire*, was published by Hidden Brook Press in 2018. John has had numerous solo and group exhibitions to his credit over the past three decades and his work can be found in private and public collections such as the McMaster Museum of Art. The piece he created on the following page is dated June Of 2020. He writes and paints in Brooklin, Ontario. You can visit him at johndileonardo.ca





Andreas Gripp

Sunflower

The sunflower I photographed
is missing a petal. With the dozens
it still has, this is hardly a concern,
for either myself or the sunflower.

It's the mystery of its disappearance
that makes this a poem,
why there's a gap like a lost
tooth in what would otherwise
simulate our star, a single ray alone
illuminating umbrae in which it may hide—

too long in its golden taper
to become the victim of a
ladybug's lunch,

the wind as well
having alibis in its day-long
gentle breeze, no spore
or plumage aloft
amid the lengthening blades of grass;

barely lifting the tresses
of the woman in her summer dress,
its lilac reflecting the light
I noticed five-
hundred seconds before,

during *he loves me*,
he loves me not,
in the absence of daisies gone,
abandoning the disfiguring act
right after the initial
pull and pluck,

becoming sickened
by the ugliness of chance,
its reconstruction of
her world—and our own

as something a little less beautiful.

Andreas Gripp wrote this poem and took the accompanying photo that precedes it during the Summer of 2020. This may well be the last time he plays in the sandbox.

Rhonda Melanson

Relics of Berlin

Tour guide calls its TV tower Deathstar.

I agree. Too erect, thrust on cityscape

where tourists still drink bootleg cola.

Holocaust Memorial. Concrete boxes

selfie artists imposing as butterflies

on eternal wheel of likes and shares.

Lustgarten. Used for target practice.

Bullet holes scalloped on museum walls

We are Germans, not Nazis.

Look, pixelated traffic men at crosswalks!

Ampelmenn want to wrap their arms around us

remind us to love their city, even the dead parts.

The Hair Exhibit at Auschwitz That Doesn't Allow Photographs

These shafts
deadpiled
behind glass

straight, wavy
blackish, brownish
wheat coloured
scarecrow braid

This silky earth sticks to surface
of ballooning outrage

shuttered recollections of follicles,
the ones scissored from becoming.

Who Puts Ketchup In Their Chicken Noodle Soup? This Family.

Every holiday. Every bowl. Everyone.
Don't like it? Why not? You should.

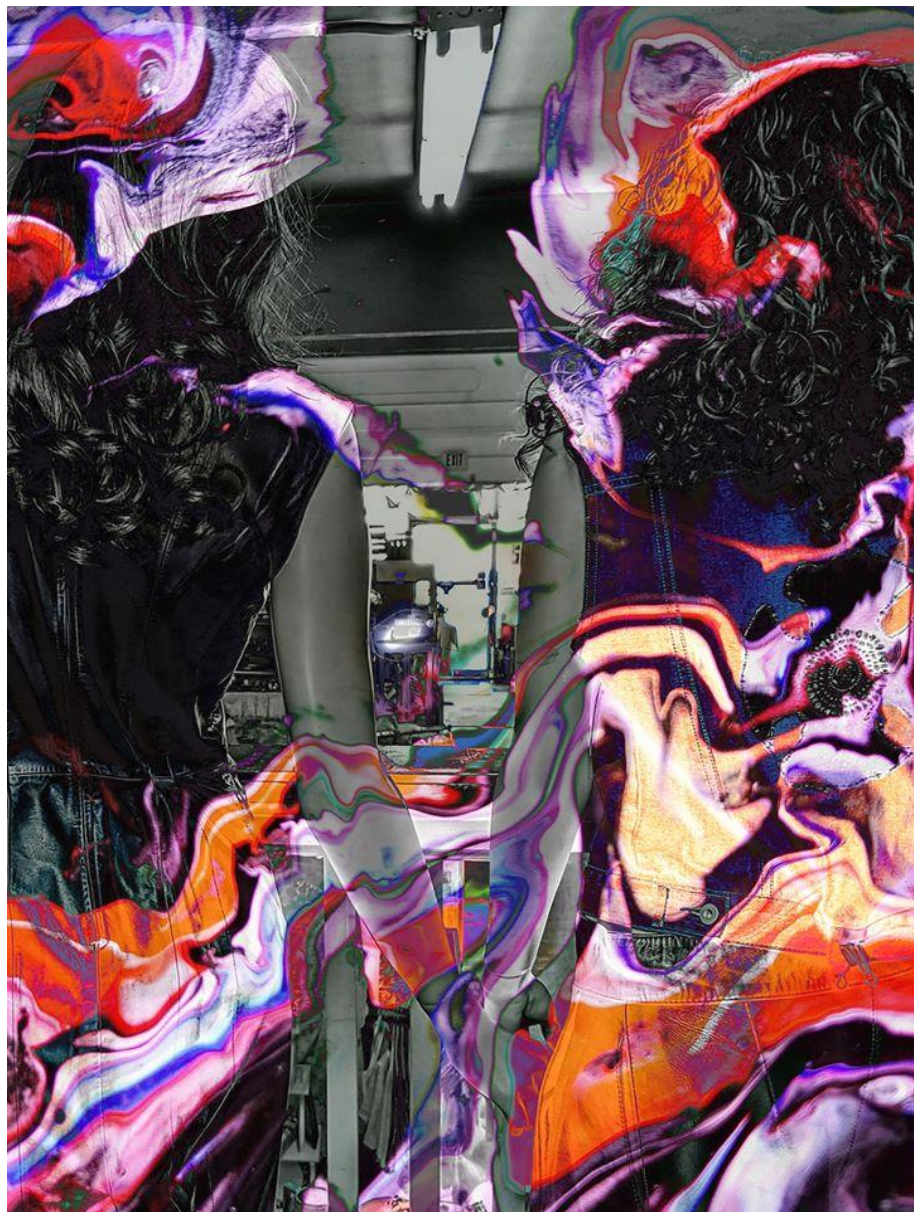
What kind of deviant only child are you?
What kind of chicken shit stock are you?

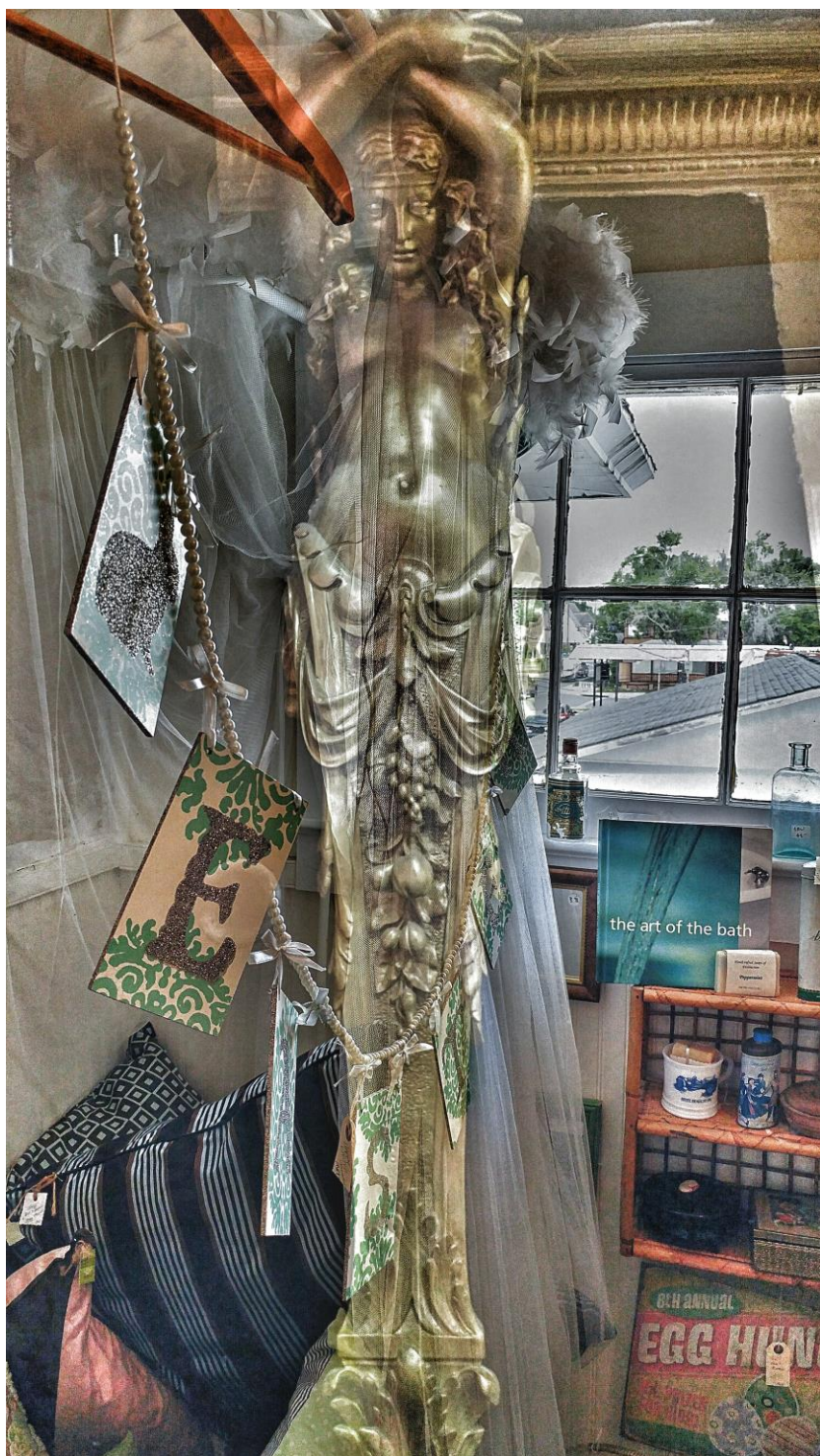
You are the reason your five year old
is cowering upstairs afraid of our dog.
What kind of boy is scared of dogs?

Ketchup isn't blood, you know.
The plasma separating healthy from waste.
You'd rather bleed blue ink so we think you frigid.

The kind that blows on her soup to cool it down.

Rhonda Melanson is a teacher and poet living in Sarnia, Ontario and has been published in many online and print journals, including *Juniper*, *Boxcar Poetry Review*, *Quill's*, *Philadelphia Poets*, *Ascent Aspirations*, *LummoX*, and *Windsor Review*. In 2011, she published a chapbook called *Gracenotes* with Beret Days Press.









Carl Scharwath has appeared globally with 170+ journals selecting his poetry, short stories, interviews, essays, plays or art photography (His photography was featured on the cover of 7 journals). Two poetry books, *Journey To Become Forgotten* (Kind of a Hurricane Press) and *Abandoned* (ScarsTv) have been published. His first photography book was recently published by Praxis. Carl is the art editor for *Minute Magazine*, as well as being a competitive runner and 2nd degree black-belt in Taekwondo. The art on the preceding pages are entitled, in sequential order, *A Way Out*, *Bathroom Visit*, *Broken Heart*, and *Earthly Thoughts*.

Carrie Lee Connel

A New Romanticism (Parts I & II)

I

This world is in need of a new Romanticism—
capital R—shouted above
the whistle of falling arrowheads,
a soundscape Doppler effect,
for imminent arrival and
an aftershock starkness—
less than two minutes to midnight:
a planet destined
for destruction
by inside forces.

Awe of the sublime
has evaporated,
becoming impressionistic
acid rain
washing our canvas;
all paints blend into
muddy rivers roaring down
streets clogged
by the detritus of want.

Saharan brightness
obliterates shades and hues:

indigo, mustard, peony,
periwinkle, lilac, rose—
colours of the natural world
muted by artificial suns.

The picturesque
exchanges
charm for decay.
We no longer embrace
the extremes of the mundane
and the ephemeral.

II

An old occupation thrown to the wayside:
hunt for a moment's focus;
fossils discovered and examined
yet tossed back uncollected;
no desire to consult tomes
of scientific categorization;
wrongly assuming there is nothing new
to be discovered and catalogued.

Lake Erie seashore
offers pittance
compared to the haul
of mud-larks on the Thames
gathering remnants of what
was once pristine—
a carnival wreck
in a plethora of effervescent green,
stout brown,
opaque white,
the rarest blue,
fragment of a Morris vine-entwined tile.

We revert to magpies,
hunting for pretty, sparkly quartz
that won't keep the sun when dry:
the metaphor of a dull and homely
existence in the 21st Century.
The Inuit carver's secret
substitutes an \$80 rock tumbler:
Turtle Wax, rubbed until
it reflects a glassy countenance.

Carrie Lee Connel lives in Stratford, Ontario, with her husband and two cats. She has a Masters of Library and Information Science and a BA in English Language and Literature from Western University. Her writing has been published in *Synaeresis*, *The Toronto Quarterly*, *Fterota Logia 1*, *Tales From the Realm Volume One* (Aphotic Realm), *Smitten*, *NOPE Horror Quarterly* (TL;DR Press), *Piping at the End of Days* (Valley Press), and *Moonshine: A Canadian Poetry Collection* (Craigleigh Press). She's the author of three published books of poetry including her newest, *Written In Situ* (Harmonia Press, 2020).







Anmol Mathur has experimented with several mediums including oil, poster, watercolour, and graphic. Being a self-taught and self-represented artist gives him the freedom and proficiency to express himself while his work has evolved from his own personal experience. His art has been exhibited in countries around the world including India, Vietnam, Norway, and the United Kingdom. The three pieces included in this issue of Beliveau Review are, in sequential order: *Cinderella Man*, *Golden Sun*, and *Hidden Face*. He resides in Indore, India.

James Deahl

Waste Land

In this season of derelict sorrow,
of daily death tolls tallied every night,
memories of childhood summers arise
as if from nowhere. Vacant land filled with
Queen Anne's lace and rubbish where possibly
a ragged hawthorn, more bush than tree, grows
in soil little else can: an urban waste.

A waste lot ideal for boys with nothing
going during their lazy, schoolless months.
A world all snarled vines, weeds, and broken things,
spread out naked under the sky, ready
to explore. Carefree, we would not see our
adult world looming on the horizon.

Last Stormtime

the mad wind's night-work

—Ralph Waldo Emerson

Winter ends with a three-day Nor'easter,
its banshee winds off our ice-choked harbour
shake our ancestors from their eternal
rest to send them wandering drifted farms
and woodlots with no direction home.
Two-story-tall waves surge past shoreline trees.

The house trembles; our attic's squirrels are anxious,
hiding among the bric-à-brac of past
generations as through doom swept through this
bitter night. In the fierce darkness our dead
might remember who they were, who they seek.
Sudden shocks can revive memory in
amnesiacs, recall us to our lives.

NOTE: The epigram is from Emerson's poem "The Snow-storm", from his *Selected Essays, Lectures, and Poems*, edited by Robert D. Richardson, Jr. (New York: Bantam Books, 1990.)

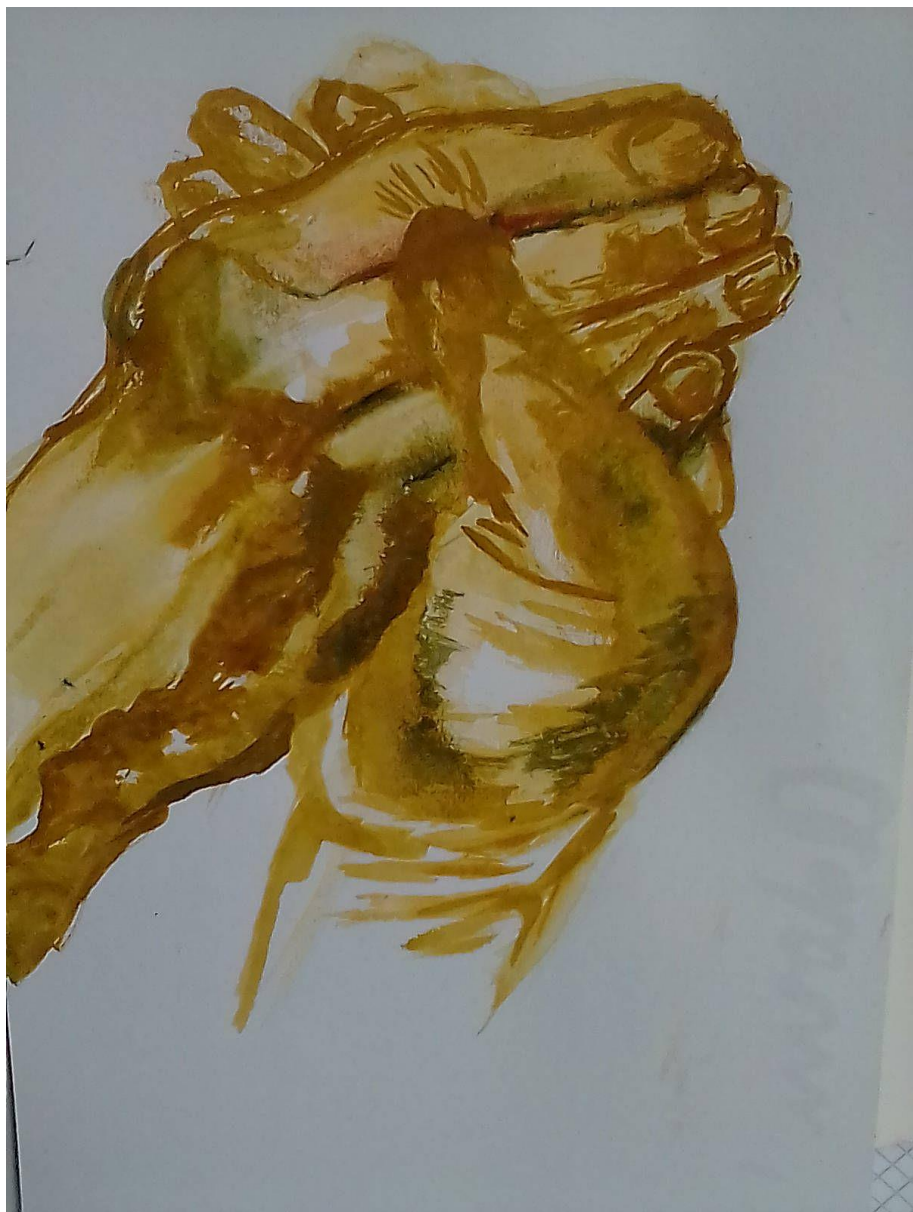
Wild Turkeys

Late April 2020

Toward the end of an uncommonly chilly April during the year of The Plague, the wild turkeys of the Wawanosh Wetlands nest undisturbed. Undisturbed, too, are the turkeys secreted in the Mandaumin Woods, because no walkers pass by on the trails, no bounding dogs harass them. Even near the hospital, where people pass away every day and the virus rages, urban turkeys go their many ways in peace. Ever since people became afraid to venture out, and their streets grew deserted, this infection has been a blessing to all wildlife.

Soon our farmers will turn soil that has slept under its blanket of snow all winter, make fields ready for another season of planting, for the seasons come and go as always, never pausing in their rotation, even while our graveyards fill and mourners weep alone. The mated cardinals return, fill our mornings with song. The earliest leaves burst green on a line of sugar maples even though the nights remain cold. And even though the nights remain cold, the virus continues its ravenous spread. But this year these wild turkeys will raise their young unmolested among untidy piles of last autumn's fallen leaves.

James Deahl currently resides in Sarnia, Ontario. Born in Pittsburgh in 1945, he made his home in Canada in 1970. He's the author of 30 literary titles, the most recent being *Travelling the Lost Highway* (Guernica Editions, 2019). He recently edited *Tamaracks: Canadian Poetry for the 21st Century*, published by Lummo Press of California, an anthology presenting current Canadian poets and their work to an American audience. Along with his daughter Shona, he is presently translating the work of Québécois poet Émile Nelligan into English.





Analia Adorni was born in Argentina and studied at the National University of Arts of Buenos Aires. She won a fellowship for artisans of Tuscany Region and moved to Italy where she continues to study at the Visual Center of Pietrasanta (Tuscany) and Il Bisonte (Center for Printmaking in Florence). Her work has been exhibited in Europe, Argentina, Italy, Spain, and Ukraine. The two art works included in this issue reflect social control as well as the necessity of vigilance during the Covid-19 pandemic.

FJ Doucet

Ode to the Son

The Sun, the great effulgence, golden
beams and silver dapples falling

from the morning window. Scattered
on the burnished floorboards. Capering down

the chubby expanse of my own son's
outstretched hand. Soft, lustrous

pearls on shadow. "Sun! Sun!" His baby-voice
praises the heavens, laughing,

and I laugh too, intending to magnify his joy
with my own. Too early, still, to tell him

that the light is not only beauty,
but blinding, Not only warmth, but fire.

Not only love, like a mother,
but also her wrath.

For now, just let him laugh.

Crawl to Stillness

It doesn't take long, does it? The last lavender
sprigs of summer withered, their heady purple
perfume flittered away on cooling breezes,
swept in the direction charted by screaming
flocks of loons. There they go, flying,
bound to southern havens and chained
in those ineffable V formations. Now what
is there left for us? Poor humans, gaping
at the change. The fallen remnants of sweetness
once offered by apples in August, and the goldenrod
nodding where a multitude of wildflowers
breathed. Only their muted yellow patches break
the monotony of a browning field, the unbreachable
labyrinth of thistle and yew. Sharpened stems
and leaves stoically endure their own slow diminishment,
brittle harbinger of year's end. Look all around
at the clear prophecy of what is coming,
and what has gone. In the fields, and there
astride the empty, asphalt walk—the mouse, small,
dark house stood vacant three long days,
rapidly less warm this hovering noon
than by yester-noon's feral sun. No flicker of light
in tooth or greyest fur. And all around, the eerie autumn
air smoldering in the onslaught of September
crickets. So, too, the hungry buzzing houseflies
swarm in close to take what they can,
while they can. Their brief season races
to stillness. Our own crawls to the same.

FJ Doucet's work has most recently appeared in *Literary Mama*, *Devour: Art and Lit Canada*, *Martin Lake Journal*, and *CommuterLit.com*, with verse forthcoming in *Yolk*, a Montreal-based literary journal. She is the newest president of the Brooklin Poetry Society, located in Whitby, Ontario, where she lives with her husband and two children.

Roosevelt Jones

Surrender

if
lives
matter all
Black
oppressed opposed
pose
police
puhleeze
stand
down
up
don't
shoot
my hands
are in the air
i breathe
when shots
are/not fired
ready reload
brother
scrape my brains off
the side
walk don't
run

Roosevelt Jones is a poet and perennial Raptors fan in Toronto land.





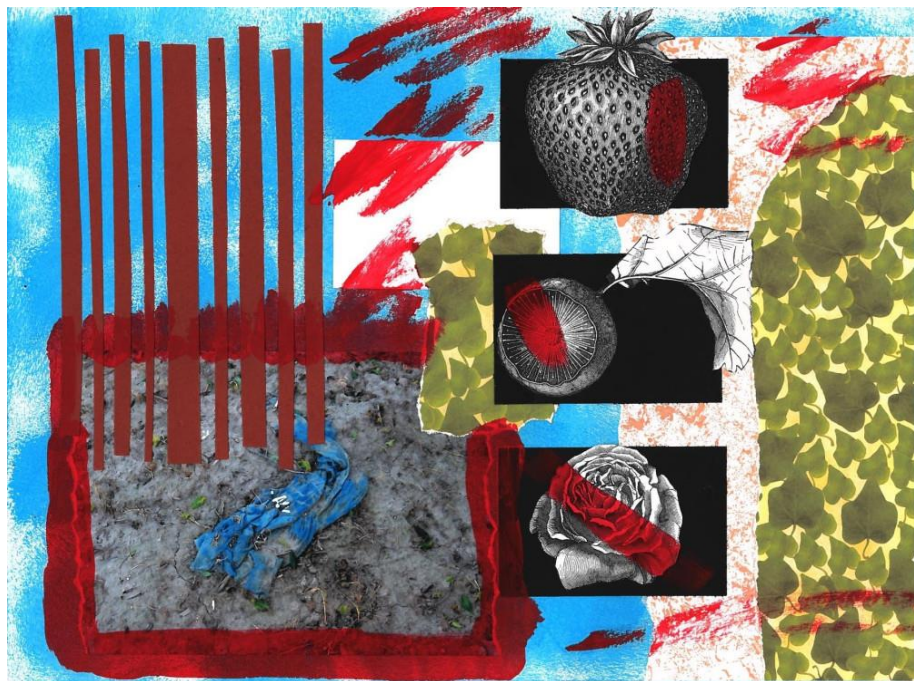
I watched two men drag a deer by its
antlers, its organs left behind
for the wild animals to eat

My breath was like a cloud in the
air as I exhaled and watched
the animal being pulled through

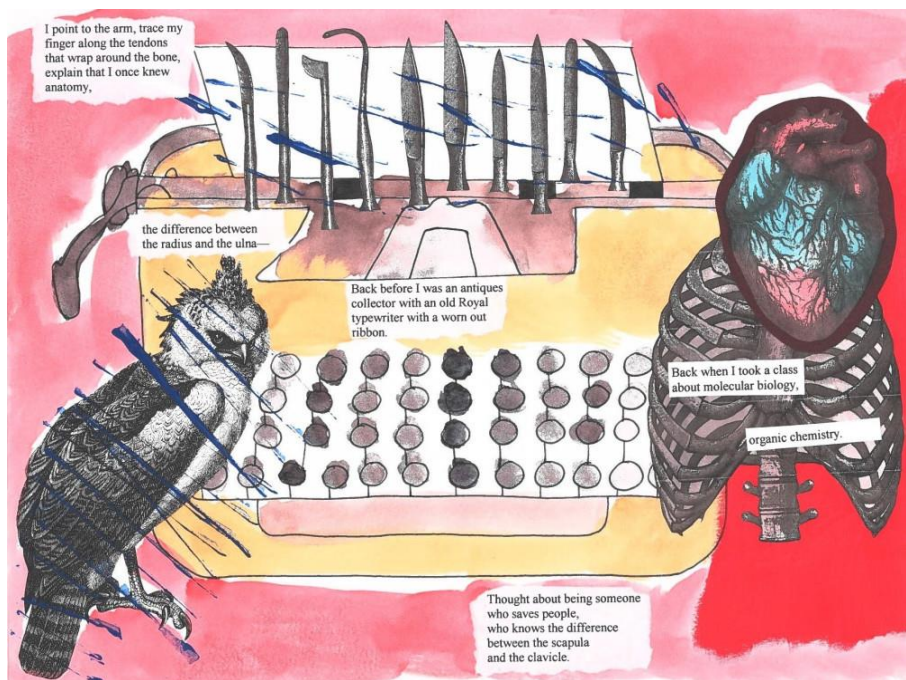
the dirt and grass. One of the men,
the younger one, the one who had
a jug of cold water in his pack,

he looked down at his hands,
coated in blood, lifted them to
his face, smelled the iron,

sat on the tailgate of a truck and waited







I point to the arm, trace my finger along the tendons that wrap around the bone, explain that I once knew anatomy.

the difference between the radius and the ulna—

Back before I was an antiques collector with an old Royal typewriter with a worn out ribbon.

Back when I took a class about molecular biology.

organic chemistry.

Thought about being someone who saves people, who knows the difference between the scapula and the clavicle.

Ambidextrous

but not really.
When you have no choice,
you can make your body do
almost anything.

With my right hand shoved
into a ball glove, I can
barely feel the leather
against my skin. Instead,

I admire the stitching,
think about how it
resembles my own
reassembled hand,

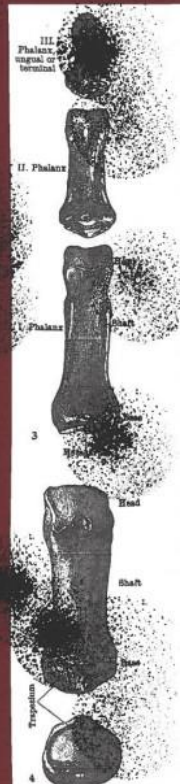
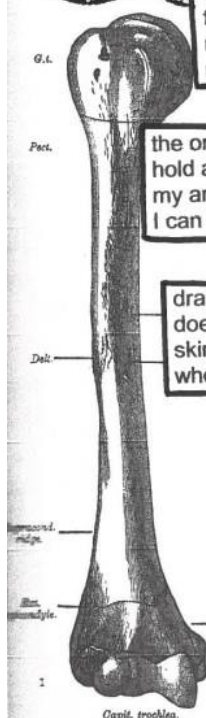
the one that can no longer
hold a ball—When I hold
my arm above my heart,
I can feel living blood

drain to my chest. What
does it mean that there is
skin on bone, bone on bone,
where a whole part of myself

used to be? Someone once said,
*Use your left hand, most
artists are left-handed anyway.*
What I think but don't say:

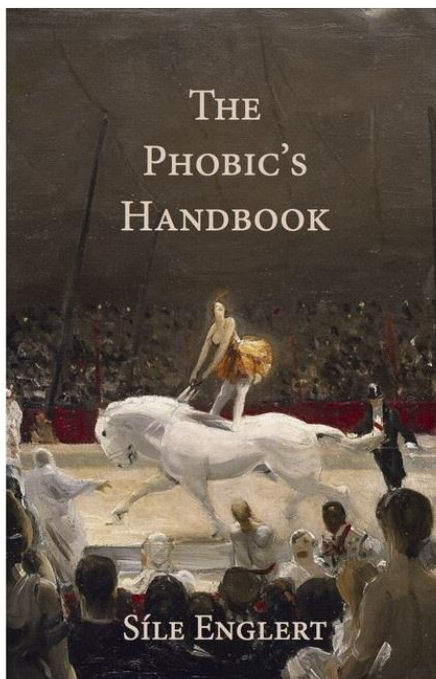
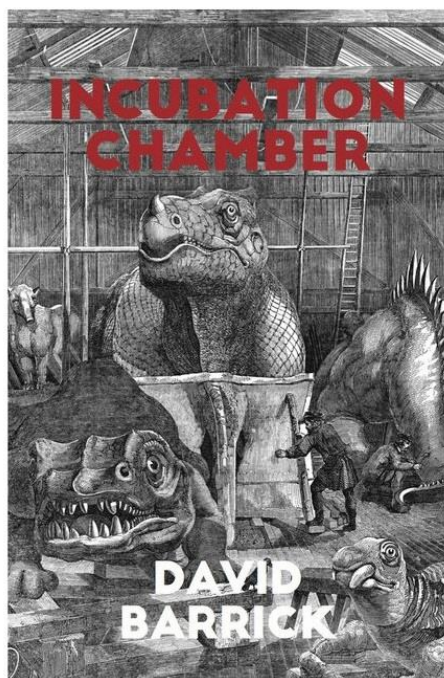
Between the two of them, it's
still the right one that I love

the most.



Kristin LaFollette is a writer, artist, and photographer, and is the author of the chapbook, *Body Parts* (GFT Press, 2018). She is a professor at the University of Southern Indiana and serves as the Art Editor at *Mud Season Review*. The six works in this issue of *Beliveau Review* are titled, in sequential order: *Oligodendroglioma*, *Archer*, *Growth*, *Sleep on the Floor Part 2*, *Pathology*, and *Ambidextrous*. You can visit her on Twitter at @k_lafollette03 or on her website at kristinlafollette.com

Editor's Review



Incubation Chamber by David Barrick

Anstruther Press, 2019

ISBN 978-1-988699-41-7

20 pgs., \$10.00

The Phobic's Handbook by Síle Englert

Anstruther Press, 2020

ISBN 978-1-988699-58-5

20 pgs., \$10.00

Jim Johnstone's *Anstruther Press*, based in Toronto, has, year-after-year, earned a spot as one of Canada's premier publishers of poetry chapbooks. And while some excellent chapbook presses hit you at the beginning with how beautifully they're physically put together, it's the *content* that causes this emergent imprint to stand out. Chapbooks generally being quick and concise reads, they're often a go-to for poets looking to have a batch of poems in-print early in their career, something tangible to sell at poetry readings and book fairs (though veteran versifiers use this option as well, often between full-length collections or when seeking a hard copy of a single-themed series of poems or a solitary long poem).

I picked up Londoner David Barrick's *Incubation Chamber* last year when it was released, and have always meant to write up a review of it, primarily because it was really good and because David is one of the friendliest, easy-going poets you'll ever meet, and deserves a write-up, albeit in the micropress that is Beliveau Books and its magazine which I happen to edit.

There are dreams galore in *Incubation Chamber*—numbered and which make me wonder if Barrick has written at least eight-dozen of these (being the highest number cited in this chapbook is titled *Recurrent Dream #91*), and if vivid, lucid reveries are part of his nightly regimen. If so, I'd love to take hold of any future book bearing his name in the future and see what Dali-esque visions await. But in the meantime, since it had been a while since I initially read *Incubation Chamber*, I thought it time to go through it again at long last and scribble down my opinionations on this exceptional work—and it is exactly that, using the English language to its highest potential to communicate these visions Barrick has to his audience (which I believe will expand with more book releases).

Recurrent Dream #19, which kicks things off, is a swirl of dystopian happenstance in which *nuclear winter opens / a clearing where she stops*. The protagonist in this piece is a doe, which, upon demonstrating to the dreamer the way in which to gather food, stings the reader with *Oh darling, you never / were my son*.

There are animals galore in *Incubation Chamber* (much like there were in Tom Cull's *Bad Animals* which I reviewed last issue)—not only the dinosaurs that strike you on the cover, but in poems right from the outset: the aforementioned doe, the fox in *Proportional*, bees and flies in *Borrowed Cottage*, chipmunks in *REM 1:42AM*, and later on the chicken you'll feel empathy for in *REM 3:02AM* (which, for me, harks back to my Vegan days and the mistreatment they endure to be our food):

All chanticleers lost. Poultry bosses
congregate on the killing floor,
mutter *so this is insolvency*.

Now “chanticleer” may be a take on *Chantecler*, a breed of chicken originating in Canada and, which, played a larger-than-life role as a rooster in Nathaniel Hawthorne's classic, *The House of the Seven Gables*, a dense but insightful novel which I waded through last Fall. Of course, that may be entirely coincidental and a result of my mind's own projection, but nevertheless, the final effect is one of reader's sympathy. And the title poem itself is a treat of culinary wordsmithing. Sight and sound merge to blast a lasting image with the reader, in the faithful tradition of stanza and jazz:

I see my face float along
the windshield's curve
glowing dashboard blue.
Séance radio broadcasts
Miles Davis improv
from the ninth circle. Sound
sounds like gator gargle,
every song static-draped,
synesthetic milky veil
filling the car's interior.

As is the case with other fine chapbooks, *Incubation Chamber* wastes no pages or lines—all words are necessary and there is nothing superfluous.

There is colour to fill the image, action as soon as it is required, and the exquisite use of a poet's answer once the question of *where am I?* arises in the middle of each poem:

I can see the city sinking
beneath organic debris,
shucked-off carapaces burying
everything in November's
loamy smell.

—from *Halloween*

Incubation Chamber is bookended with deer (a buck in the finale, while a doe, as noted earlier, graced the chapbook's opener). And once again, the inhumanity in which we deal with our fellow inhabitants of the Earth stare us in the face no matter how uncomfortable that may feel:

I raise the antlers out the window.
I raise them and feel the absent bones
where skull was attached, where neck
and chest and legs would extend.
I feel them growing in my hands.

A tainted trophy that haunts—as does this entire collection which leaves one gratefully wanting more.

Sile Englert is another London, Ontario poet who obviously caught the eye of Jim Johnstone and Anstruther Press. My experience with her work has, until now, been primarily auditory—her live renderings of her poems garnered her a well-deserved reputation for literary innovation and a skillful hand. As with David Barrick's chapbook, Englert's *The Phobic's Handbook* contains fourteen pages of text and each one is memorable. If "less is more," than both of these poets along with their publisher have embodied the validity of such a well-worn phrase.

The cover caught my attention before I ordered it from Anstruther, and kudos go to any creator who makes use of images of antiquity (if George Bellows and 1912 can indeed be deemed as such, though I may be stretching a term out of a romantic desire to use such a word). The author's brief bio tells us of a full-length forthcoming from Icehouse Press in 2021, so this limited-edition run of 50 copies may be worth something someday if Englert, as I envision, becomes a poet of national repute. Yes, she's that good.

Phobias, as the chapbook's title eludes too, are plentiful here and make up each poem's title—ones of which I and most readers are likely unfamiliar with. So not only is this quick collection a treat in terms of balladry but it's also very educative as well.

Buttons spill and are undone in *Hominophobia*, and features a stanza I read multiple times just for its beauty:

coercion is customary in a gathering of two.
this quiet hour when speech fails—
or doesn't mean speaking.
it means red mouth moves
the waiting hollow of
I.

Often I'll review a book from start to finish, but for whatever reason, I found myself thinking out-of-sequence during *The Phobic's Handbook*, hence I was drawn, mid-way through, to its second revelation, *Frigophobia*, which, though I wasn't familiar with the term, still conjured thoughts of being too cold (from "Frig" or "Fridge" which snapped hastily in my head) and I suppose I was proven right in my guess with its closing quatrain:

If you've ever died alone on a mountain, waiting to be rescued,
you'll know what I mean. To leave something of yourself
lingering on the last surface that held you. Think of frostbite—
how it eats—cold will tear delicate pieces from a body.

I normally gravitate towards poetry that will calm and serve as a third eye for experience. Images such as these which Englert uses aren't akin to that, nor, perhaps ironically, is my own verse that I scribe from time to time. What I'm looking for in a book of poems isn't always what I find and as a result, I tend to be happy that it didn't adhere to my limiting expectations. Falling outside of predictability and a reader's desire for comfort makes a book that much more exciting and Síle's work has accomplished that for me.

One of the chapbook's highlights was *Lalophobia* (which is defined as an irrational fear of speaking), and it's here that Englert conveys human emotion and experience with a task that many of us undertake rather grudgingly. Its opening lines, for me at least, can be viewed as a commentary on insipid writing:

There were once words but they scraped and scratched. She forgot
flourish-swirl of cursive and redacted too much dictionary. Ink-flow was
a way to speak without teeth. But adjectives were flowery and adverbs
verbose and when those were gone they took her colours with them.

Englert's work isn't something you easily digest. It's to be pondered, re-read, understood on more than a single level or plane of thought. This is a collection that is easier to relate to readers by direct quotation rather than a reviewer's often verbose interpretation (and I'd be as guilty as any other in that regard). *Disposophobia* closes with this to envision and glue into evocation:

once, I threw a memory away
it was still attached
strings or roots or veins
when I pulled, it didn't break
just stretched
held
raveled

if you feed them, they multiply.

The Phobic's Handbook isn't Síle Englert's chapbook debut—that happened last year when Karen Schindler's Baseline Press pounced on the opportunity to present her to the world in *Threadbare*. I often find myself envious of a small or micro press' ability to trumpet a new writer to the ranks. That said, I certainly can't begrudge Baseline for doing so in 2019—what Harmonia Press/Beliveau Books is capable of can't touch the beauty of Baseline's flyleaf, paper stock, and hand-sewing, and I am honestly happy for Síle to see her work attain the acclaim of which it is deserving.

It's been said, in commentary I can't quite recall, that London, Ontario is experiencing a "poetry renaissance" (much like that which occurred in the 1960s). Having left my hometown for one that's much smaller and much less stressful, I can only watch from a distance and wonder where the Forest City's literary future lies—so often many young writers have left in order to settle in Toronto, Montreal, or Vancouver where the literary scene is much grander and where a poet can interact with a publisher in a pub at a weekly reading series that a smaller community can't effectively support quite as often. If Síle Englert and David Barrick represent both the present and future of *Souwesto* words (a James Crerar Reaney geographical coinage), then a hometown boy like me can experience, after the fact, how much the Forest City has grown over the past generation and offer a distant applause for its literary awakening.

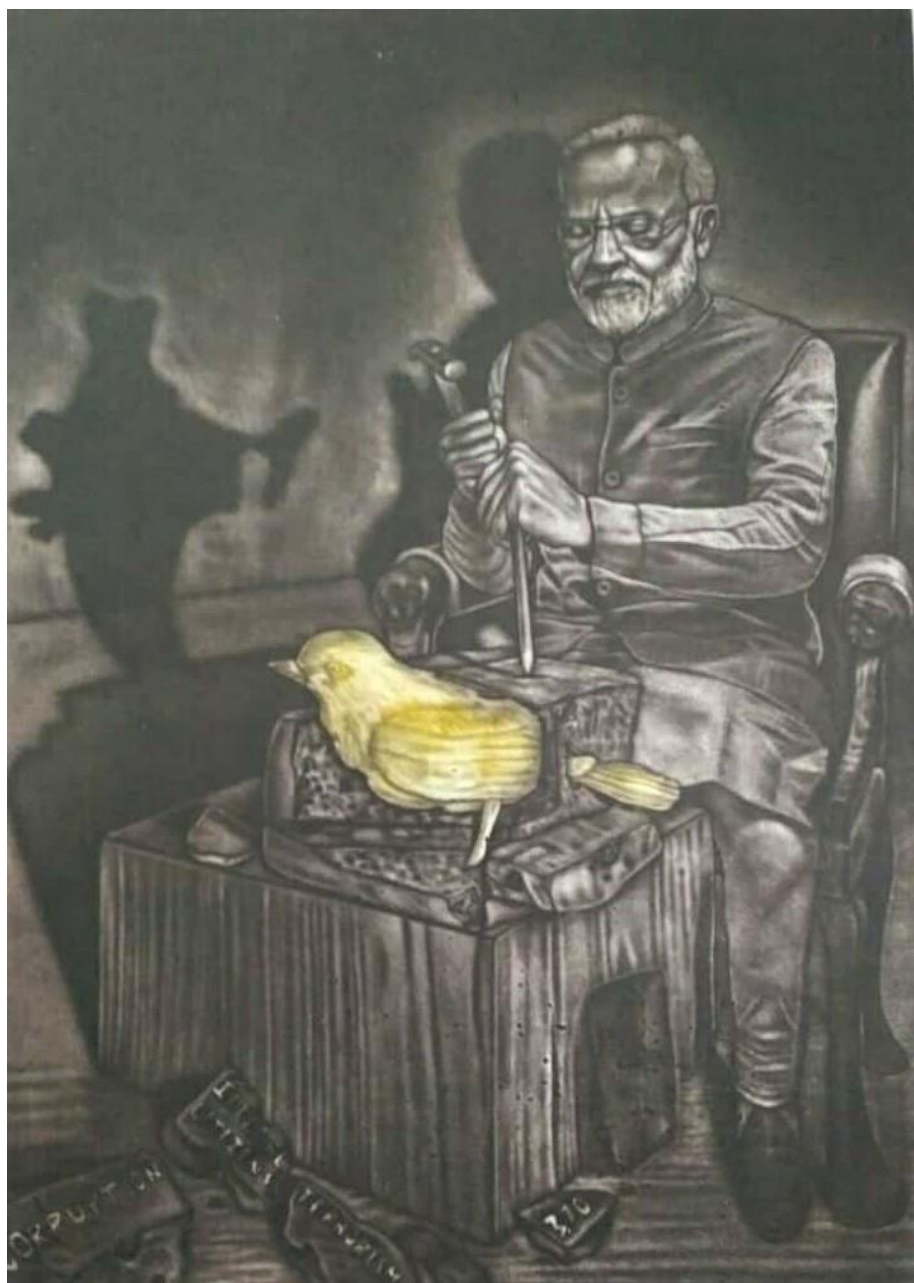
In closing, it's pretty neat when a poet's words hearken back to something I've recently read or studied—in my case it's the evolution of dinosaurs to birds (and of course the image serves as a mirror to the cover of David Barrick's *Incubation Chamber*). The giant reptiles of yore never disappeared—they're in our trees and gather at our feeders whenever we place fresh seed. Englert's closing piece, *Ideophobia*, reminds me of this:

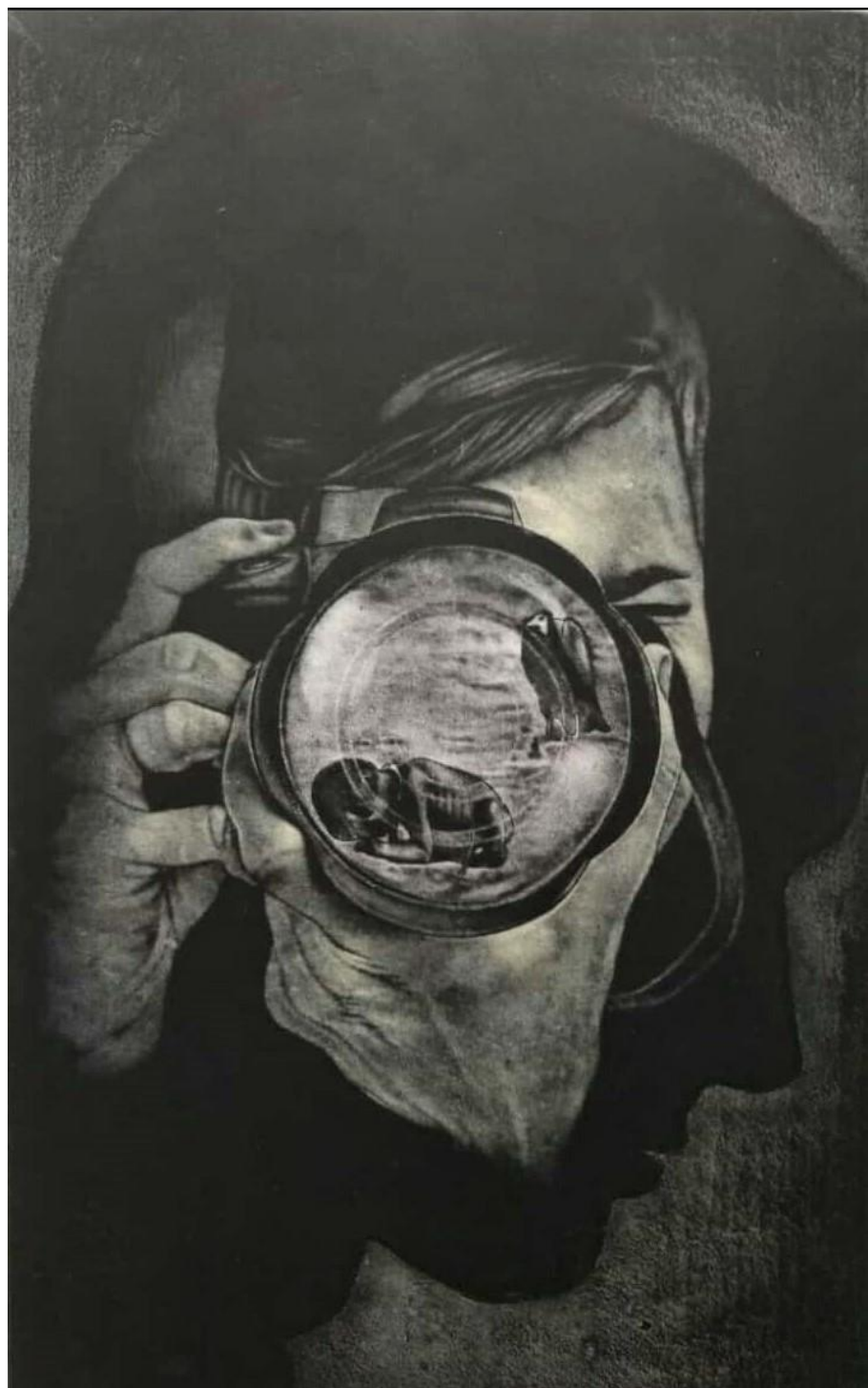
Turn slices of ocean to hot clouds. This was before
the birds, when they still had teeth. Reptilian eyes
the same but some days are dinosaur days, more
cumbrous and lumbering than fits comfortably

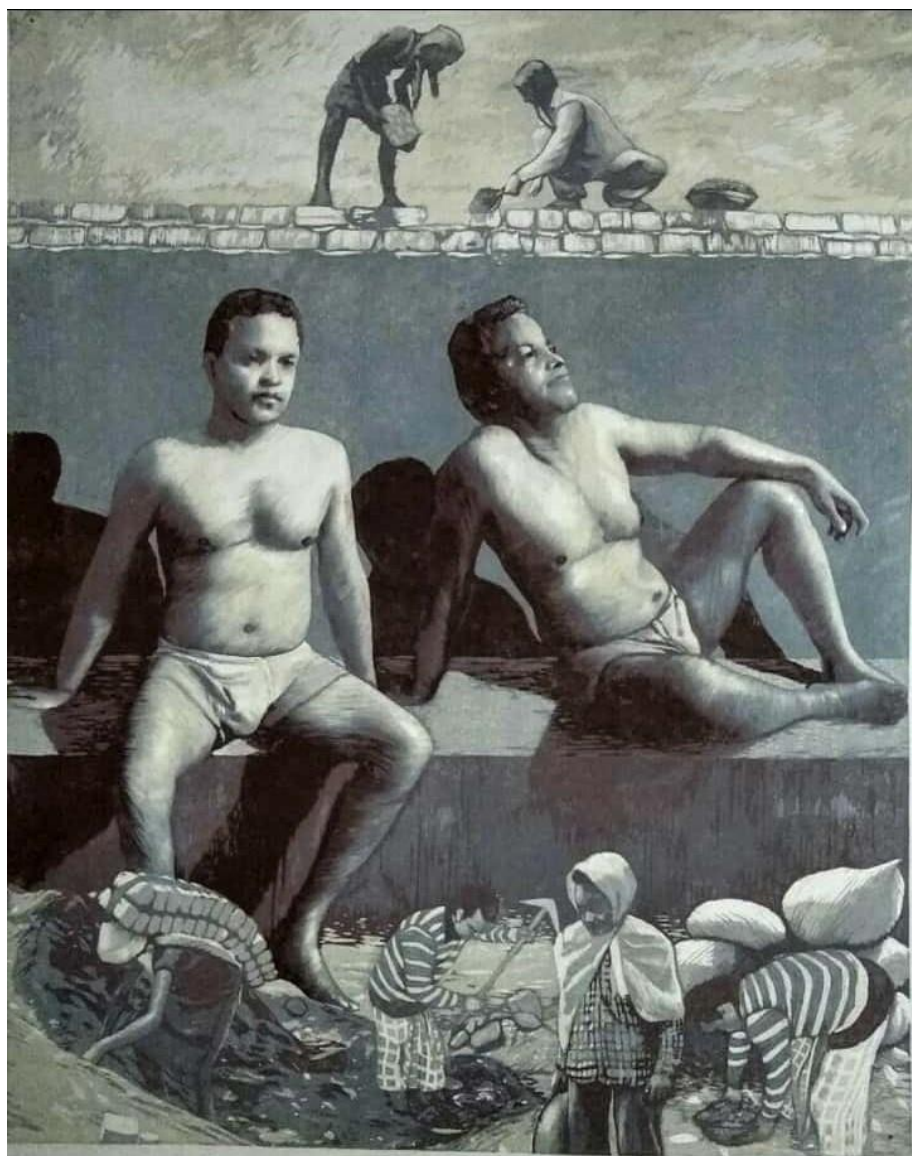
in the world. Navigating limbs like thickest redwoods,
the mass and curve of a body might not end for miles.
Elliptical scales all shed, replaced by angles.
Except for the egg.

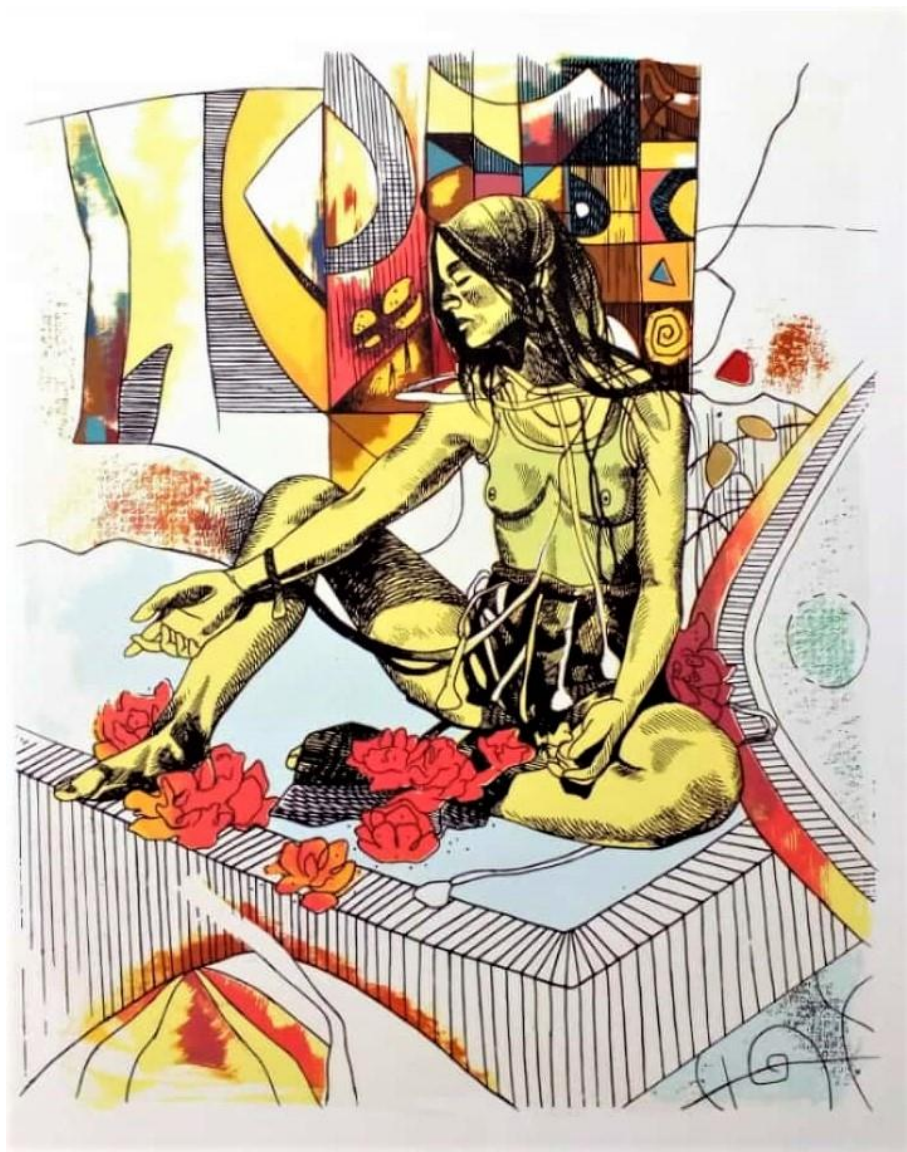
—Andreas Gripp

Andreas Gripp is the editor of *Beliveau Review* and once in a while reviews books that he thinks are pretty cool.









Arpit Rathor completed his Master of Fine Art degree from the College of Art in Delhi, India. His compositions include realistic elements as well as the play of light and shade, and most of them contain human figures. He creates his art in the printmaking medium of woodcut, etching, and mixed media. In sequential order, the works presented in this issue are titled *Making of New India*, *From Then Till Today*, *From Struggle to Success*, and *Glory of Beauty*.

The *Beliveau Review* stands in solidarity with **Black Lives Matter** and against the oppression, abuse, and exploitation of our sisters and brothers which have been going on for centuries right up to the present day. It's critically important to use the platforms we have to speak out in opposition to injustice, hatred, and violence—in this context perpetrated against the Black community; and also against Indigenous People (both in this country and around the world), People of Colour, People in Poverty, People with Disabilities, Women, Children, and members of the LGBTQIA2+ community.



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Beliveau Review

Call for Submissions

Beliveau Review is a **free, digital journal**, published quarterly, showcasing Canadian, American, and International poetry, visual art & photography. It is a continuation of *Synaeresis: art + poetry*. At the present time, there is no payment available but there are **no** submission or reading fees of any kind. The editorial staff is volunteer-oriented. Contributors will be able to download a free PDF of the issue they are in from the Beliveau Review website:

beliveaubooks.wixsite.com/home/beliveau-review

poetry (1 to 6 poems)
photography (1 to 6 photos)
visual art (1 to 6 works)

Please email your submission as a separate attachment (MS Word / jpg).

Please include a brief bio of yourself as well
in case your work is selected for publication.

Email address: beliveaubooks@gmail.com

Response time is one to two weeks.

There are no particular themes in *Beliveau Review*
other than exceptional writing and visual art.

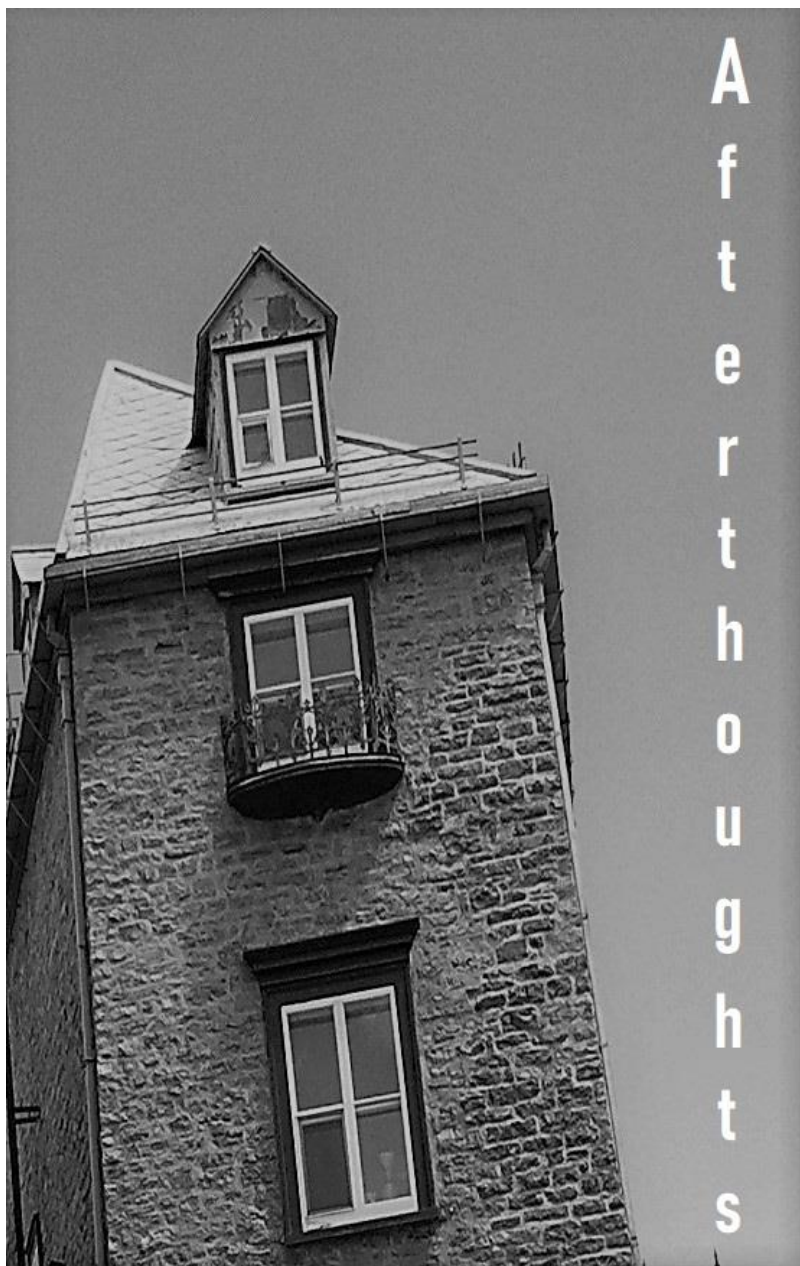
The subject matter is open, though please don't send in any work that is derogatory to or demeans a person's gender, orientation, race, ethnicity, faith, etc.

No graphic violence or pornography
(please note that nudity and pornography are not necessarily synonymous).

Please send only new and/or previously unpublished offerings
(We **don't** regard social media sharing as previously published).

We welcome submissions from ALL poets & artists (though please keep in mind the aforementioned), and we especially encourage writing from folks who are BIPOC, LGBTQ2+, Women, People with Disabilities, and Individuals who have been marginalized.

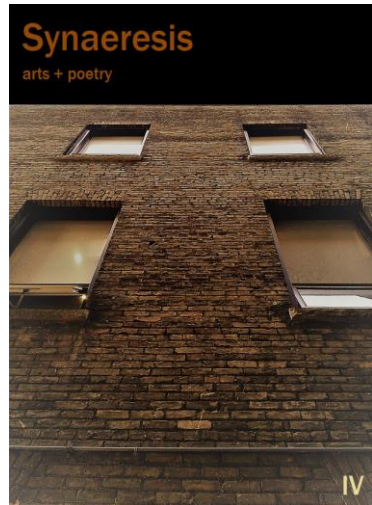
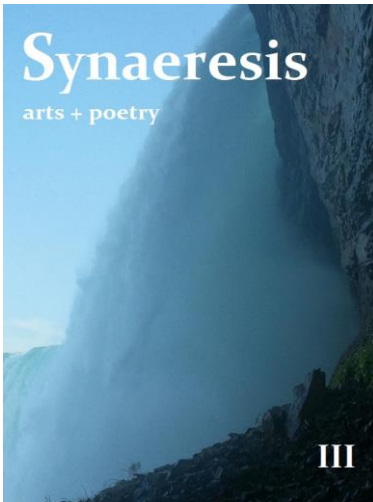
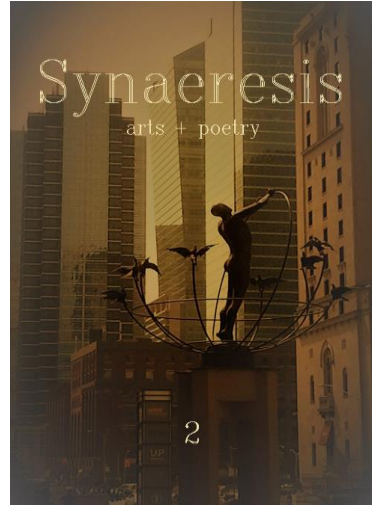
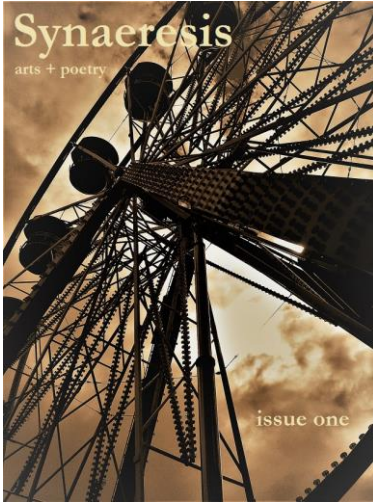
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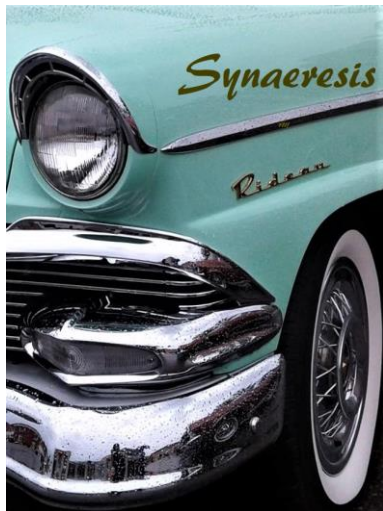
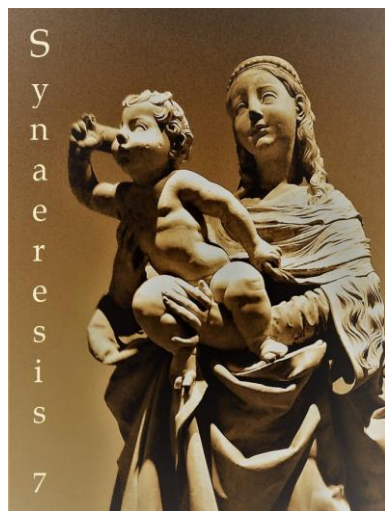
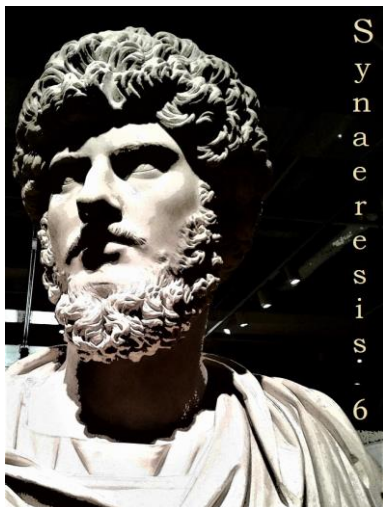
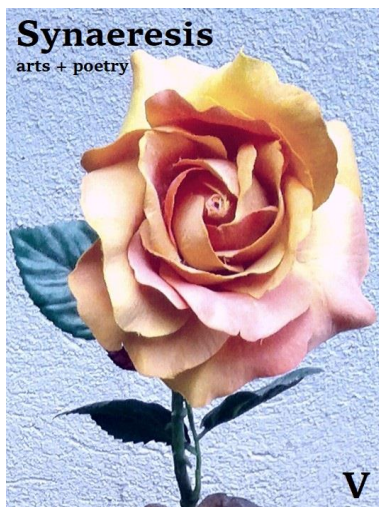
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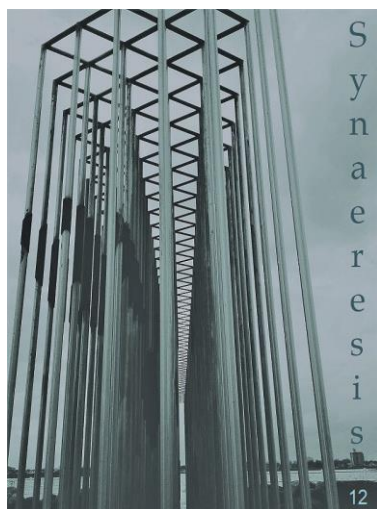
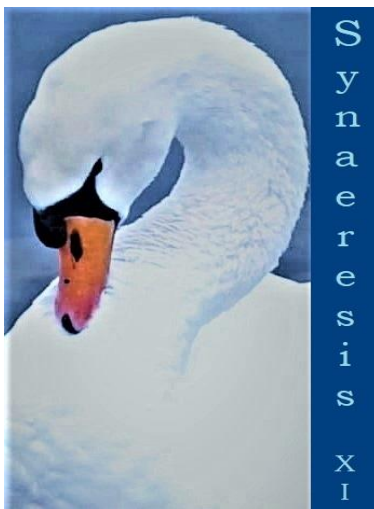
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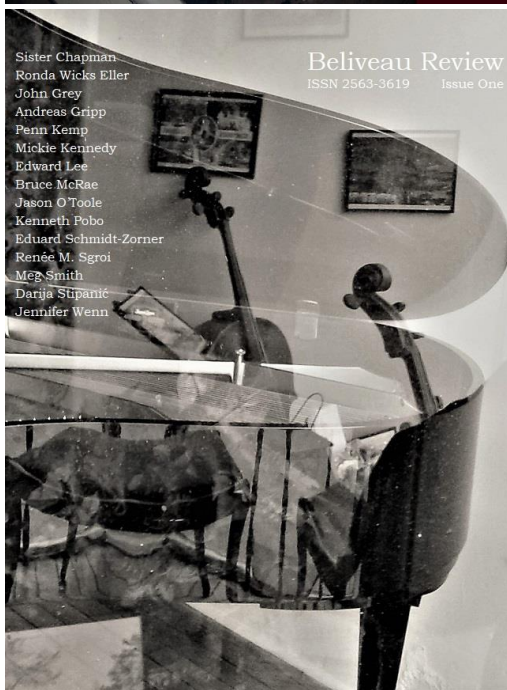
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